

Ghost Books

The sky was black paper
cut with five-star holes
glowing yellow from candles behind
and of course the land
was filled with ghosts,
many rushing home for dinner
and a good book to read.

The streets were running like railroads
so many ghosts in little derby hats
or sugary Victorian bonnets
those with light purple flowers and tiny ribbons,
sometimes silver.

It was a happy time in the dark
with street lamps painting the night
in showers of very quiet amber rays
lightly colored and throbbing a bit
with nice glows.

Three ghosts arrive in a gorgeous black carriage
with a single ghost driver.
They exit making lots of gesticulation
and continue down the street.
Those ghost arrived via ship, you see,
having sailed day after day
from a place where vampires are said to dine
in the best of neighborhoods.

The ghosts now clear the roads,
going home to rest and enjoy tea,
and certainly to absorb their books that were mentioned before
all written with exotic black petroleum
and scented with lavender
from the pages and their ink.

Sleep well later on,
dear ghosts.